



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

## El Bosque de Muerte/The Forest of Death



👁 44 ✓ 1 ★ 4

### Chapter 1 by N8

I gathered the courage to finally traverse "El Bosque de Muerte." There were rumors that floated around my town, ones that involved murders or kidnapping. People would disappear without a trace. No one knew why, so their ignorance led them to blame El Bosque de Muerte. The name of this forest is a Spanish translation for "The Forest of Death." A name given to it by this wretched town.

I told my friends and family that I was to leave. Leave to the forest to disprove their myths. No one wanted me to leave, but I had to.

### Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



We had lived in fear for far too long, or so I proclaimed when my mother gripped my arm and begged for her little /Carlitos/ to not leave for the forest.

Leaving was the most natural thing in the world. /El Bosque/ wasn't.

Thirty minutes in, and a thought of regret snaked around my head. It was getting rather cold, and I hadn't thought to pack more than a small foil blanket. Suitable for survival, but little above

that I dismissed my own concerns. What was I expecting? A five star hotel? No, el Bosque was just fine. I was the one with the problem. I was giving into the tales of children?

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Somewhat hypocritically, my mother had been a personal favorite of mine since a very young age. If a man that delusional could steel himself, well, there was no

reason why Carlos Vicenta couldn't. Right?

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

**i** You need to login before writing - click here

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account